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SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1910.

WAKING UP TOO LATE.

There will be a conference at Washington to-morrow between the President and a number of railroad presidents who have been much disturbed by the action of the Government in enjoining the increased freight rates recently determined upon by the Western trunk lines. This looks very much like locking the stable after the hores has been stolen. We suppose that the injunction proceedings could be discontinued on the motion of the Government, but if it is to be so soon done for, what was it begun for? The railroad presidents will doubtless be able to show that the increased rates are wholly justified by conditions, and conditions not of their making; but why should the President want to talk it over with them now or be willing to talk it over? The proposed talk ought to have been had, if there be any virtue in what the railroad men will say to the President, and we are confident that there is, before Wickersham went into court.

Two or three days of panicky conditions have probably convinced the authorities at Washington that the present proceedings were not entered into advisedly, discreetly and in the fear of God. The faculty of hindsight is well enough when one is running away from a thing, but foresight is a grace that is to be cultivated when one is running into a thing. It would seem to a non-resident, so to say, that the pleas of the railroad presidents should now be made to the Courts, and not to the Executive. Some time or other they will be compelled to seek relief from the courts, and instead of holding conferences after the fact they should be getting their case ready for a thorough hearing. If they cannot get a square deal in the courts they can at least calculate how long they will be able to stay in business after the courts have laid down the law. If we were in the place of the railroad men, we should let the President and Wickersham gang their own gait, and make defense only where it would count, at least, until the reconstruction of the courts has been accomplished.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO KNOW.

In his speech at Bryn Mawr College last Thursday, the President felt called on to defend woman's right to know. Standing on the campus of a college which has been a leader in the higher education of women, he took issue with those who have opposed college education for woman, and registered his opinion that such education did not unfit a woman for her proper place in life. She might be all that a college could make her, he said, and might still be a good wife and a good mother.

The President made a most excellent defence and argued his case very well, indeed, but, as a matter of fact, the higher education of woman needs no defence before those who will look at the subject not with the inherited prejudice of centuries, but with a fair regard for the world in which we live and the conditions which we daily face. There are many reasons why a woman should know, and know as many things as possible; but no reason has yet been advanced to show why a woman should not know.

The educated woman is not unfitted for home life. On the contrary, if back of the education there be a true woman, the education makes the woman happier and more contented with home. No matter what may be the circle in which she lives, every woman spends much of her life alone. Her husband, if she have one, is at work; her children, if she be blessed with them, are at play, or at school. She cannot always be visiting, even if she care to, and hence she has many long hours at home, often without any other source of amusement than books. If she be well educated enough to read the best of the world's great classics, she finds new joys and new happiness in the realm of the mind.

Then, again, the better a woman is educated, the better she can educate her children. Youthful minds grow and childish brains question many things. The mother who was educated in the days when women had no place in the intellectual world is oftentimes puzzled and sadly confused as she tries to explain what the children want to know, but the educated mother can answer these questions, can develop the child's mind and can instruct him in his studies from the hour he begins to learn his A-B-Cs.

Aside from all these benefits which come to the woman who knows, there is the absolute right which every woman has to know, even if she never marries and never presides over a home. The mind of the average woman is not inferior to that of the average man, and the woman's place in life is as honorable as that of the man. If he be encouraged to fathom the mysteries and master the sciences, his intellectual peer has the same right and should receive the same encouragement. If we argue that a man should be happier for his knowledge, regardless of his vocation, and if we seek to give him happiness through knowledge, woman should have the same happiness through the same knowledge, no matter what her station in life may be.

A CONFEDERATE CAMPFIRE.

At the meeting of Lee Camp Friday night crosses of honor were presented to a number of Confederate veterans and to the descendants of other veterans who have passed away. The ceremony was very simple but very impressive. It was explained by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, president of the Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, how the crosses of honor were awarded and the several steps that had to be taken before they could be obtained. They are not for sale at any price. They are badges of honor, not articles of trade. The humblest, if he endured hardness as a good soldier of the Confederate States of America, is entitled to wear this mark of distinction; the richest, unless he served his country, cannot buy it with all his wealth. Intrinsically it is worth only a few dollars or a few cents, but only those who fought for the cause that is dead, though it be alive forevermore, have the right to wear and to devise it to those who shall come after them. It is, therefore, for what it stands, and not for what it is in material and workmanship, that the Daughters of the Confederacy have thrown about it certain safeguards which will keep it from becoming common. They are entirely right; the more exacting the conditions, the higher the distinction.

A significant feature of the camp-fire Friday night was the presence of a squad of fighting Northern soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, who had come to Richmond to pay tribute to their dead comrades who fell for their country at Cold Harbor. But for their badges the casual visitor could not have distinguished them from their Confederate comrades who sat all about them. They wore the same sort of clothes as the other people in the audience, and they spoke the same language, a little different in the nasal tones, perhaps, and not quite as broad in the a's as could have been wished; but they looked like very excellent men and they expressed the greatest pleasure in being present to see for themselves the high esteem in which the soldiers against whom they had fought nearly fifty years ago are held by their people. They did not see anything disloyal or unpatriotic in this tryst with the past, and out of their hearts they spoke as brave men to brave men.

Mrs. Randolph made one very gratifying report. Last year seven thousand visitors paid their way into the Confederate Museum here. Intelligent people are always interested in such foundations. They delight to see that the South cherishes the memories of the days that are dead; that the relics of the historic and glorious past are preserved; they believe that a land without memories is a land without character, and to this inner sanctuary, this holy of holies, will they continue to come generation after generation for reflection and inspiration.

There is only a remnant left of the immortal host which followed Lee and Jackson and Stuart and Forrest and Hampton and Johnston and Beauregard nearly half a century ago. They are the rear guard, and, with the help of the women, they are keeping faith with the men who have passed on into glory everlasting.

DOYLE AS A PROSE POET.

The poetry written on the passing of King Edward has caused almost as much discussion as the King's illness, death, policies and funeral combined. Poets from every corner of the earth have been hurrying to the press with their tributes, and have been causing much anxiety among patriotic but careful British editors who wish to shew their respect for their late King without unduly loading their columns with such rubbish.

The poems which have attracted the most attention are those written by Austin and Kipling. The former was at once declared hopeless and the latter has not shown that it deserved a better place? In fact, if the one showed that Austin should not be Poet Laureate, the other showed that Kipling should not be his successor. We shall not burden our readers with quoting more of the stuff Austin called poetry, and can give the spirit of Kipling's effusion in a few lines. Speaking of the King's work, Kipling said:

"To confront or confirm or make
smooth some dread issue of power,
To deliver true judgment aright at the
instant unaided,
In the strict level ultimate phrase that
allowed or dissuaded;
To foresee, to allay, to avert from us
perils unnumbered;
To stand guard on our gates, when he
guessed that our watchmen had
slumbered;
To win time, to turn hate, to woe
folly to service and schooling,
His strength to the use of his nations,
to rule as not ruling;
These were the works of our King."

If there are not a thousand high-school students in this country, and a half-hundred peerless poets of North Carolina who can equal these ponderous but stupid lines, we have greatly underestimated their work and their intelligence. This poem lacks everything that a real poem should have, and if it is the best that England can produce in verse, that country may well bewail what Whitelaw Reid called darkness after day in poetry.

As a matter of fact, the death of the King has as yet brought forth but one real literary work. This was the description of the funeral written the day it occurred by Sir A. Conan Doyle and widely circulated in this country. The Washington Post quotes the conclusion of the novelist's article, which we reproduce for comparison with Kipling's lines:

"The King has passed to his place. Now it is over. Statesmen and warriors, leaders and princes, with glint of gold and flash of steel, the greatest muster upon earth; all are gone and remain but a memory. The people rush forth from their closed ranks, and the hushed hum of London rises once more."

There is more sense and sentiment, more force and more imagination in these few rapidly-sketched lines than in all Kipling wrote, and there is more poetry to this prose than to all the dramas, elegies, odes and occasional poems that Austin ever put on paper. If this be a fair test of the merits of the three men, it would be a rare stroke of policy if the new King should decapitate Austin, banish Kipling and let Doyle write a coronation ode in strong, graphic prose.

THE KIND OF MAN TO MARRY.

The fair maids of Barnard College, which is unfortunately situated in New York instead of in Richmond, have been voting on the style of men they propose to marry. This is not the only subject that has received their attention, for they have discovered, by a close canvass, that the average size shoe worn in the college is four and a half, and that the average height of the girls is five feet three inches, but the matrimonial question seems to have aroused the greatest interest.

According to the New York Globe, which prints the facts when somebody writes them out for it, the Barnard damsels were unanimous in wanting to marry men with a sense of humor. No sour-faced melancholy heroes for them! They want to laugh and want the world in general and their husbands in particular to laugh with them. This is but a sort of preliminary qualification. The collegians were even more specific in other demands upon their future spouses. Without dissent, they agreed that none will marry a man unless he has brown hair and brown eyes. Handsome young men of the blonde type might as well apply at Smith College, or Bryn Mawr, or Wellesley; the brown-eyed darling is the man for the Barnard maiden. Then, again, the future husband of the young woman who wears a four and a half shoe—width not given—must wear a necktie that matches his eyes, must be six feet tall, and must have at least $2,000 the year, with prospects. Eight of the girls propose to marry men who smoke, but thirty-one think that smoking is perfectly awful. So far as the occupation goes, almost any calling will do. One girl is so liberal as to suggest that she will marry any man but an undertaker.

We chronicle this wisdom as a part of the history of the times, and as information for those who are foolish enough to seek a wife beyond the hallowed precincts of this Eden. On general principles, we hope the girls will get what they want when they want it, but if it be no discourtesy, we might suggest that before they are thirty-five some of them will probably be willing to marry a man who has green eyes, is five feet four inches tall, is an undertaker and wears a red necktie.

A PUBLISHERS' CLEARING HOUSE.

The New York Times, which is of an inquiring turn of mind, has been asking of late why good books so seldom see print. This is but another and more courteous way of asking why so many poor books are accepted, but in seeking an answer to its question, the Times has called upon its readers to give their experiences and to explain why the good things they write are rejected by the publishers.

Some very interesting answers have been printed in the Saturday book supplement of the Times, and most of the answers tell the same story. The writers never have a fair chance to exhibit their wares. They send their manuscripts to reputable publishing houses, with scores of manuscripts from writers in every part of the country. The manuscript may represent months of thoughtful labor and it may be in excellent literary form, but it is committed to the care of a copy-reader who is hurrying through a pile of manuscripts and who never pauses over one unless the writer's name attracts him. One writer, telling his experiences in the Times, shows the copy-reader in a most unenviable light when he says that a story which he had written with great care, and in which he had given some very valuable statistics, never before collated, was rejected by the copy-reader of a publishing house because it was not erudite enough for the imprimatur of the company.

While this is going on every day, and while the copy-readers are wading through the 10,000 manuscript novels which are written every year in America, the publishers are calling loudly for new writers. The old favorites, they say, are losing their hold on the reading public; new blood is needed; new ideals of literature must be introduced. They want it and they are willing to pay for it.

Manifestly, in these circumstances, the country stands sadly in need of some method by which the writer and the publisher can be brought together. If we may be bold enough to presume that good books are really being written in this country, and if we may believe the publishers' statement that they are after these works, all persons concerned would be benefited if the bargain could be struck.

There ought to be some sort of clearing house among the publishers in which the manifestly inferior manuscripts could be rejected without delay and the others could be given a reading that would bring out their merits. If the copy-readers could have their daily burden reduced by the prompt rejection of the impossible manuscripts which flood every office, they might then give more time to their task and might read books submitted to them, not with an eye to the author's name, but with a regard for the real worth of the story.

BARRING THE BORROWER.

Queen Mary of England, who is to be the social arbiter of the Empire as soon as mourning weeds are put aside, is already telling her satellites what she proposes to do in the way of reform. The court is to be more exclusive; undesirable Americans, whose wealth is their only recommendation, are not to be given the entree to the throne; the old customs are to be revived, and England is to return to the days of the early Georges, so far as court severity is concerned. Last and most important of all, the court borrowers are to be barred from the royal circle and are not to be received in polite society.

The court borrower, it develops, was somewhat of a nuisance during the gay days of King Edward. Generally the borrower was a noblewoman, blessed—or cursed—with more ambition than means, and anxious to appear to the best advantage in the best society. What she could not purchase, she borrowed, and what she could not enjoy of her own right, she secured of her neighbors. She would frequently borrow a castle for a week's festivities, or a ballroom for a great assembly, or a cottage for a vacation, and sometimes genial dowagers found themselves lending their very clothes. In one memorable case, the court gossips tell us, a court hanger-on borrowed a ballroom and a house for the debut of her daughter, and coolly had the bills for the entertainment made out to the good soul who owned the house. Queen Mary says this shall no longer be allowed. Women must live within their means, she says, and must never pretend to what they do not have.

Of course, the Queen—God save her Majesty—can afford to talk in this way, as she will always have all she wants in the way of ballrooms, entertainments and the like, but she has at least set a good example for her subjects. The borrowing is bad enough, but the spirit of extravagance which prompts it is still worse. The borrower may be every bit as great a nuisance as the Queen suggests, but the precedent she sets is much worse. It may be noted, in passing, that America is not altogether free from this evil, and that even in Richmond, the Gate to Paradise, there are some who live beyond their means—and borrow, too.

"ABRAM'S VISION."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"After these things the Word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."—Gen. xv. 1.

Abram had just slain five Kings, and might well feel uneasy as to his own safety in a strange land. He was in that state of exhaustion and bewilderment when a word of comfort is especially needed and precious. Many times we are uncertain as to whether we have done right or not. We may have been rash; we may have sinned in our righteous anger, and we want a word from heaven to tell us that the deed was good and that our soul is safe.

It was under these circumstances that "the Word of the Lord came unto Abram." It is the first time that this expression, "the Word of the Lord," occurs in the Bible. Afterwards it is repeated time without number; but now it comes in all its fresh music. Hitherto the Lord has come to men—to Adam, to Noah; but now His Word has come, "and in a vision," to Abram.

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." This is the first mention of the word "shield" in the Bible. It means a defense and guardianship, invincible. And what is this shield? "The Word of the Lord." It therefore can be ours as well as Abram's. Some words touch the heart and cannot die. This is one of them—a short word that a child can understand and say, and which the heart needs. There are many such. Look at the words life, love, peace, rest, faith, hope, home, God. Words small as drops of dew, yet holding the sun. And wonderful in graciousness, God takes up these words and claims them for His own. It is God who says "I am thy shield."

And Abram said, "Lord God"—the first time these two words are used together. Great words are used in great necessities. This sacred word "shield" is used in the necessity of fear; this holy word "Lord God" in the necessity of doubt and wonder. Eloquence always comes from necessity. Abram felt his own short life too small to hold all the riches God was giving him. Abram told all his fears to God in a few plain words. We can say things in the dark that we dare not say in the light. For a long time Abram had wanted to say what was in his heart and could not. But now it is eventide, and the vision came at star time! He said, "I go childless, and lo! one born in my house is mine heir," and while he spoke the stars came out more and more, sparkling, glittering, throbbing, servants watching the gate of the city of the King. Then it was that the Lord said, "Look up!" and Abram looked; "tell the stars if thou be able to number them. And Abram said, "My Lord, who can count that host?" and the Lord said, "So shall thy seed be."

And now comes the greatest word yet spoken in human history. It is this word, "And Abram believed." It is the first time this word occurs in the Bible. This chapter is wonderful in the matter of the first use of words. It seems to be a chapter of beginnings. "Believed!" What a history lies in this one word! The moment Abram believed he was truly born again. Paul says "he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief." Here we study the word at the fountain head. "Believed" means supported, sustained, strengthened. Abram nourished and nurtured himself in God, and he hid his life and his future in this promise. It is not written what he said, but what he did. That is faith.

It was surely a perilous moment. Appearances were against it. But Abram "staggered not"; he by-lived, lived-by, believed God. God's love and promise was set before him like an open door, and Abram, like a child, went in and found his home. Henceforward the stars had a new meaning to him, as, long before, the rainbow spoke to Noah. Every night they told him of his posterity and his greatness. No longer were they stars, but promises and pledges of blessings. Thus the stars became a revelation and a prophecy.

This act of faith was "accounted unto Abram for righteousness." From the first God has always made much of faith. It is never treated as a matter of course, but rather a precious thing, worthy of approbation and blessing. Faith was counted unto Abram for character; it added something positive to his being.

To believe is not simply to assent; it is to take the promised thing as if actually given. And this action on man's part is that by an exactly corresponding action on the part of God, for He takes faith as righteousness, the act of belief as an act of piety, a mental act as a positive heroism. Abram rested on the Word of God; he did not wait until Isaac was born to say, "Now I believe." That would not have been faith, but sight. See how large a life was opened to Abram when he believed. He became a contemporary of all ages, a citizen and freeman of all cities the world over; and best of all, the father of the faithful and the friend of God.

What Abram did we ourselves have to do. It is thus I must believe in God; I must throw my whole soul upon Him and drive all doubt, all fear, from my heart. I must take the promise as a fact accomplished. God asks me to do so, and promises me His strength so to do. But He also says that without faith it is impossible to please Him. Life without faith is an earth without a sky.

"Lord, increase my faith!" "Help Thou my unbelief."

The Woman's National Daily reports that, in his speech the other day at Bryn Mawr College, Mr. Taft said: "I am quite ready and willing to concede that marriage or motherhood is the normal status of woman, and that, other things being equal, she is happier in that condition than in any other." There must be some mistake about this. Probably, Mr. Taft said, "marriage and motherhood," not "marriage or motherhood." Mr. Taft has apparently been willing to "concede" a good many things; but we really do not believe that he has gone so far as our female contemporary has reported.

It has been calculated that out at Cold Harbor some years ago we killed them for a little while at the rate of a thousand a minute. If this average could have been kept up long enough, things would have been different.

For a little while yesterday it looked almost like old times in the stock market. Prices came tumbling down, and the air was blue with imprecations of a more or less sulphurous character upon the attempt of the Government at Washington to interfere with the natural course of business.

Several days ago it was reported that a certain wise but careful man in these parts had disposed of his holdings in a number of financial concerns because he felt it in his bones that there would be trouble, and a heap of it, if an impending disaster should actually be visited upon this country. But as Jeb Stuart and his cavalry used to sing—

"We'll stand the storm,
It won't be long;
We'll anchor by and by."

We think that it would be good business to buy low and hold. Things are bound to get better, whatever the ticker may say.

"Clean up and beautify," says the Chattanooga Times. There is no harm in trying it; but how can they expect to do either in Tennessee?

Does the Houston Post happen to know whether or not it was "sparrow grass" that Nebuchadnezzar ate with apparently such relish? Is this the sort of fodder on which its candidate for Governor of Texas, the Hon. Cone Johnson, has grown so great?

We are glad that A. S. Abell, formerly of the Baltimore Sun, has come to Virginia and that he will hereafter take an active part in making the Norfolk Landmark, a newspaper with a long and honorable history. We are particularly pleased that S. S. Nottingham will continue his work with the paper, which he has kept well up to the mark under his management.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

When does Richmond play another double header and with whom?
F. R. N.

Richmond will probably not play any double headers until after July 4. It has been the custom for several years to postpone all delayed games until that time.

Easter, 1911.

Please tell me the day on which Easter will fall next year?
A READER.

April 16.

Calvary Cemetery.

I notice in a New York paper the other day that a relative of mine had been buried in Calvary Cemetery. Please tell me where this cemetery is located? ANXIOUS.

At Newtown, L. I., which is reached by the Long Island City Ferry.

Hon. W. A. Jones.

Please give me the post-office of the Hon. W. A. Jones, of this State. I mean his home address.
A GRATEFUL SUBSCRIBER.
Warsaw, Va.

Foreign Population of New York City.

What is the estimated foreign population of New York City?
A READER.

By the census of 1900 the foreign population of New York was 1,270,080. It will probably reach 1,400,000 this year.

New York Chief Justice.

Please tell me who is the chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals? CITIZEN.

Hon. Edgar M. Cullen.

Tom Watson.

I notice from your paper Saturday that Tom Watson has returned to the Democratic party. Will you be so kind as to tell me what was the vote Mr. Watson received for President in 1908? FRIEND.

29,100.

Torpedo Boat in the U. S. N.

Kindly tell me if there is a torpedo boat in the United States Navy named the Thornton. SAILOR.

Yes; its keel was laid in 1899.

Justice Holmes.

Please tell me when Justice Holmes was appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States. A VIRGINIAN.

Mr. Roosevelt appointed Mr. Holmes to office in 1902.

Centre of Population.

Kindly tell me where the centre of population was at the last census? THANKS.

Six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. The line is slowly traveling westward.

SIR RICHARD HOLMES WRITES LIFE OF KING

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

SIR RICHARD HOLMES, who nearly a year ago was commissioned by Edward VII. to write an official and royally authorized account of his life and reign on the same lines as his "Life of Queen Victoria," and who has been instructed by King George to complete the task—the book is more than three-quarters finished—is particularly well-fitted for the task, for not only was he in close touch with the late King for a period of some forty years, but moreover he was, from 1870 until 1907, librarian of Windsor Castle, in the library of which are not only preserved some 200,000 books or more, many of them of priceless historic and artistic value, but likewise most of the private archives of the present and recent reigns, such as, for instance, all the correspondence of Queen Victoria with the foreign sovereigns and royalties, with the members of her family at home and abroad and with her ministers during the sixty-odd years she occupied the throne.

The voluminous character of this correspondence can best be appreciated when it is explained that while Parliament is in session, the leaders of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, each of them Cabinet ministers, are compelled every night to write in their own hand, a letter to the monarch, giving a brief account and precis of the business transacted at the sitting, with comments thereon. All this correspondence is kept in the library at Windsor Castle, and it may be doubted whether there is any one at the Court of St. James who is intrusted with the guardianship of so many family and political secrets of the utmost importance as the librarian of Windsor Castle.

Sir Richard is married to a daughter of Canon Gee, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, a lady who may, therefore, be said to have been brought up within the precincts of the castle. He began his career as a member of the staff of the Library of the British Museum, of which his father was one of the chief officials; was attached to the staff of Field Marshal Lord Napier, on the occasion of the latter's invasion of Abyssinia in 1868, and soon after his return was appointed librarian at Windsor Castle.

There is one subject on which it is impossible to induce Sir Richard to talk, namely, about the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, who is supposed to haunt the library of Windsor Castle. The spook of the Virgin Queen is asserted to have been seen a few years ago by a young officer of the Coldstream Guards on guard at the castle, and even by som matter of fact and clear-headed a woman as the late Empress Frederick, who, whenever at Windsor, would spend all the time that she could in the library at the castle. The Empress was quite positive about the matter, and as Sir Richard had received much kindness at her hands, it is probable that he was reluctant to seem to cast doubts upon any assertion that she might make. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, and although he has lost a leg through blood poisoning, is nevertheless wonderfully vigorous, physically as well as mentally, for a man of his age.

I may add that besides having the care of the Windsor Library for close upon four decades, Sir Richard was likewise intrusted by the late King with the supervision of his own private library at Sandringham, to which all the books belonging to his father, the Prince Consort, were removed from Windsor soon after his accession. The reason for this is that the contents of the library at Windsor Castle are crown property, whereas the Prince Consort's remarkably fine and choice selection of books was his own personal property.

Cardinal Lorenzelli, who has just been relieved of the Archbishopric of Lucca and directed to take up his residence at Rome as a cardinal of the Curia, was the last nuncio, or papal ambassador, in France, before the latter's rupture of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. It was on his return from Paris to Italy that he was assigned by the present Pontiff to the Archbishopric of Lucca. This did not meet with the approval of the nobles of Lucca, who dominate everything there, and, accordingly they sent a delegation to Rome to request of the Holy Father that he would send them a prelate as archbishop, who belonged by birth to the aristocracy, instead of to the petit bourgeoisie. Pius X. accorded the delegates an audience, heard what they had to say, and when, construing his silence for hesitation, they pressed their views upon him with increased warmth, entirely forgetting that he himself was the son of a peasant, he suddenly burst forth with a display of anger, as follows:

"From good Catholics I do not expect insult or contumely! But you have actually come here to tell me that if I had been sent to you as Archbishop a couple of years ago, you would not have considered me as a fit person to rule your diocese on account of my peasant birth. Now, let me hear no more of these foolish prejudices. Return to your homes and prepare to receive, with filial devotion and submission, whomsoever the Vicar of Christ may choose for you. With his birth you have no concern."

In spite of this exordium, the nobles of Lucca did not accord an agreeable reception to Monsignor Lorenzelli when he came to take up his residence in their city as archbishop. In fact, they made his position there so intolerable, by virtually boycotting him and by their disrespect, that he has been absent from his archdiocese for the greater part of the past year on the plea of ill health, the real reason of his refusal to return thither being that his position there had been rendered intolerable by the local aristocracy.

One potentate who was deeply offended in connection with the funeral of King Edward was the young Sultan of Zanzibar, who received his education at Harrow. Dissatisfied with the place assigned to him at the tail end of the procession of minor royalties and being refused rank among the reigning sovereigns, he left England before the obsequies, on the plea that his physicians desired him to begin at once his course of waters at Nauheim, in Germany. He is to all intents and purposes a negro, and his departure, instead of being resented, was regarded as a relief, since his presence was not desired.

It may be recalled that there was analogous trouble at the time of Queen Victoria's two jubilee celebrations, owing to the difficulty of inducing minor European royalties to regard the late King and the late Queen of the Sandwich Islands as bona fide monarchs, while at the coronation of King Edward, the great vassal rulers of India were a source of similar trouble in connection with precedence. It is a noteworthy fact that not one of these Indian rulers figured at the obsequies of King Edward, although there were several of them in Europe, and within easy reach of London at the time.

Some of the suites of the royal and imperial personages at the obsequies of King Edward were rather oddly composed. Thus, among those whom the Ottoman heir apparent selected to accompany him to London, was Beha-Eddine Chakir Bey, who, a physician by profession, and more recently the editor of the Constantinople newspaper, "Choural-Ummet," was one of the three moving spirits and chief leaders of the Young Turk party that brought about, first of all, the proclamation of the Constitution, and some months later the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Like his friend and colleague, Enver Bey, who has returned to his former post of military attache of the Turkish embassy at Berlin, Beha-Eddine Chakir Bey has declined any office or advance in rank in recognition of the part which he played in bringing about the inauguration of the present regime in Turkey, and if he consented to take a place in the suite of Prince Youssuff-Eddine on the occasion of the latter's mission to London, it was mainly in consequence of the opportunity which he considered that it would afford him to meet some of the most prominent English statesmen and newspaper proprietors.